

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1846.

NUMBER 7.

Poetry.

FOR THE CASKET.

TO MYRA.

BY C. B. GILLESPIE.

My heaving breast, my throbbing heart,
My blooming hopes all gone, all fled,
Proclaim how sad, how hard to part
From one who mingles with the dead;
My burning sighs, if sighs can tell
The inward agony of mind,
My broken words, all show how well
I lov'd that one I cannot find.

I loved thee long, nor shame to speak
The ardor of my youthful heart,—
What language now, but faint and weak
Can tell the grief with which we part;
The tongue is still, each tear that steals
Its course in silence down my cheek,
Though mute and dumb, yet soft appeals
And tells far more than tongue can speak.

I gazed on thee till sight grew faint,
And mortal seem'd immortal grown,
I gazed on thee, yet dare not paint
Those charms that are forever flown;—
I dared not whisper love to thee,
Enough it was to see and hear,
I feared to speak lest all would flee
And leave no trace of beauty here.

Yet thou art gone, and so is all
That e'er could bend this heart of mine,
And memory weaves a mournful pall
More gloomy far than that of thine;—
Yet fancy still in mercy seems
To raise thy form before my view,
And in thy glances mildness beams.
And smiles thine eye of deepest blue.

O'erjoyed I clasp thee to my heart—
The vision fades, thou art not there—
In vain I call, the features part
And mingle into passing air;
My Myra! Oh! I miss thee now,
That laughing voice, that mouth of song,
That smile of love, that marble brow
No longer grace the lovely throng.

That soothing voice, alas! now fled.—
Was wont to wake the tender lute
Whose notes are hush'd, whose song is dead,
And all its chords forever mute;
That beaming eye once bright and fair,—
That cheek on which the roses bloom'd—
That swelling heart, once void of care,
Are mouldering now within the tomb.

The wind is moaning o'er thy grave,
The night storm sings thy requiem;
The cypress boughs above thee wave—
Unconscious yet, thou art to them.
The Autumn decks with richest hue—
The wintry gales above thee sweep—
The Spring and Summer flowrets strew—
Yet nought disturbs thy lasting sleep.

Original Tale.

HELLENA ASHTON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF THE "UNKNOWN COUNTESS," "SECRET ROBBER," "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.

As he spoke, a wild thrill passed through the form of Lawrence; he was unable to utter a syllable; mighty feelings were stirring within him; he could only look upon his benefactor and press his hand—but it was enough—his eyes were far more eloquent than words—they spoke the language of his soul.

"Olivia," said Morrison, turning to her, after a moment's pause, "as I wish to have some private conversation with Mr. Granby, perhaps, daughter, you had better retire."

A gentle flush, for a moment, crimsoned her features, and a minute or two later Lawrence and Morrison were left to themselves.

"Mr. Granby," began he, "I am about to question you on matters which you will, doubtless, think concerns me not; but, believe me, I have a most important reason for knowing all I shall ask. I mention this that you may know I am not prompted by an idle curiosity, and if you see proper to answer me, truly, I pledge you my honor your secret shall be kept inviolate."

"Proceed, Mr. Morrison," said Lawrence, with a graceful inclination of his head, "I shall be but too happy if I can, in any manner, confer a favor by imparting to you any information within my knowledge."

"As you may be aware, Mr. Granby," resumed Morrison, "I have taken a deep interest in your welfare, and by every means in my power, I shall aid you. For a very important reason, as I said before—known only to myself—I wish to question you concerning the relations existing between yourself and Miss Ashton."

The features of Lawrence slightly flushed, as he replied, "Our vows of constancy are registered in Heaven."

"She is, then, your betrothed?" said Morrison, quickly.

"She is."

For a moment Morrison turned away his head, while a shade of gloom settled on his features, which seemed agitated by some inward struggle.

"When will your marriage take place, Mr. Granby?" asked he, again turning to him.

"So soon as fortune shall place me in a worthy position."

"What! does she not think you worthy of her, already?"

"The choice is with myself, Mr. Morrison; she would, probably, have married me as I am; but I knew too well her only failing, pride, and I would not have it said, in after years, that I had sought her hand either for wealth or distinction."

"You are a noble fellow," returned the other; and he walked to the window, and gazed forth, for a few minutes, in silence. "Alas! alas! poor Olivia," he sighed. Turning away, with a solemn, rather severe expression of countenance, he again approached the artist.

"I suppose, Mr. Granby, you have intended going to Italy?"

"Such, sir, has been one of my brightest dreams."

"Well, then, as I told you before, I can and will assist you. Here is a check for five thousand dollars."

"But—but—sir!"

"Take it, Mr. Granby—not a word;" and he pressed it into his hand. Ere Lawrence could recover from his surprise, Morrison had disappeared.

"What means this?" cried he, gazing upon the paper, "what means this? Is it a dream? No! no! it is real; but why should he conduct thus strangely? I do not understand it; and Olivia, too—here is mystery;" and he commenced pacing the room, with an agitated step. "Ha! can it be possible! but no! no!—tis not so; and yet her actions have ever been singular; she is a lovely being—methinks I love —. Ha! what

am I saying? am I not plighted to another? O, Hellena, I will see thee soon, again, and then—and then, perchance, away to the fair clime of Italy;" and thus, for the present will we leave him—wrapt in his own meditations—and turn, again, to another scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Skilled were they each, in all the arts,
That e'er proceed from villains' hearts."

About a month from his last appearance, before the reader, and Ethan Sharkly might be seen, seated in his office, with a roll of manuscripts in his hand, on which, from time to time, he cast his eye—not so much with the intention of reading, as to exult over them. His position was rather ridiculous one, for his feet were resting on the top of a chair, somewhat higher than his head—from the fact that his body was rather cramped down in another—while an old hat was drawn partly over his eyes, and a large cigar was held in his teeth—from which, ever and anon, issued a puff of smoke, and which, as it rolled out in cloud-like masses—half concealing him—gave to him somewhat the appearance of a fixture of mechanism, belching steam.

It was evident, from his whole expression, that Sharkly was very much pleased—but with nobody more than himself; for after a lapse of time—during which his eye had been fastened on a nail, in the wall—he suddenly raised the roll before him; looked at it, as a child would at a toy, and, drawing in his breath, he puffed out another large volume of smoke—took the cigar from his lips—threw back his head against the back of the chair and chuckled right merrily—stroked his chin—while his eyes twinkled with a malicious expression.

"It takes me; ha, ha! it takes me to do it," uttered he, at length. "It takes me to get the documents. People mustn't be too proud in this world. Now only think of me sending for the lady to call at my office; why its worth half the money to have the authority;" and again he chuckled, while a grin of delight was visible in every muscle of his dark, ugly features.

At this moment his ear caught the sound of a light step, approaching.

"Ha, ha! I thought so; I knew that letter would bring her to her senses;" and starting up from his recumbent position, he sprang to one of his cases, before mentioned, secreted his papers—threw down his cigar—and, seating himself by the table, took up a volume and appeared to be very seriously engaged in its perusal, just as a light knock was heard on the door.

"Come in," said he, somewhat gruffly, without looking up. The door opened, and a female, of graceful form, with an agitated step, entered.

"Ah! Miss Ashton, glad to see you—walk in," said Sharkly, after having let her wait a moment before he noticed her—"really glad to see you; take a chair;" and with a smile curling his lip, he rather ostentatiously pointed to one that was vacant.

Hellena, with features pale and quivering, silently complied. Sharkly looked at her a moment, and then resumed his reading, with an indifferent air.

"I received a letter from you, Mr. Sharkly, but a short time since," said Hellena, with a trembling voice.

"Ah! you did, did you? A-hem," returned Sharkly, with a yawn, stroking his chin. "I supposed the boy would, most likely, deliver it;" and again he turned to his book.

Hellena noticed this indifference, and her very soul seemed sinking within her. It was a great triumph for Sharkly, and he could not resist the temptation of, now and then taking a sly glance at her, as she sat there, seemingly, more dead than alive. For a few moments Hellena struggled to speak, but her tongue refused to do her bidding. At length she articulated, —

"Was—was all in that letter true?"

"Every word, Miss Ashton."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed she; and she buried her face in her hands, and groaned in agony.

"O, well, you know what is, can't be helped," said Sharkly, inwardly rejoicing at her distress. "Changes **WILL** come, you know, over the best of us;—I have met with many myself;" and, again, a grin of exultation was visible on his countenance.

"But how happened it, Mr. Sharkly?" enquired Hellena, again raising her head, with a look that would have made any, but the most hardened heart, soft with sympathy.

"Can't tell," replied Sharkly, "I only know it is so."

"But may you not have been mistaken? Perchance the records have been laid aside."

"No! I'm never mistaken; I hope you won't doubt my word, either; I don't like to have my word doubted," returned he, endeavoring to assume a dignified air.

"Mr. Sharkly, I meant nothing wrong, as you very well know; why, then, do you choose to take offence at every expression I chance to use, in consulting you as my lawyer?"

"Stop, there, Miss Ashton; I reckon I'll not be considered your lawyer any longer;" and again Sharkly stroked his chin.

"How! will you desert me, in my hour of need?"

"There is an old saying that I adopted, when quite a boy—'rats always desert a sinking ship.' It is a very good saying, I think—very good; I have used it for my motto, and found it very beneficial."

"Then you will forsake me?" said Hellena, enquiringly—fastening her eyes keenly upon him—while around her mouth hovered a look of scorn, she could not repress.

"Why, you see, lawyers must have pay; they can't afford to work for nothing and find themselves."

"Mr. Sharkly"—returned Hellena, unable longer to repress her anger—"you are a knave, sir!"

"Y-e-s."

"A doubly died villain, sir!"

"Most likely."

"And more—I believe you are concerned in this plot, and took those records, yourself."

"Go on."

"A man, so base as you, would buy up orphans, and sell their tears, for a small pittance, gain—without any compunctions of conscience. I consider you, sir, a worthless scoundrel."

"Decidedly. Are you through?"

Hellena bit her lip, without reply.

"Well, now, Miss Ashton, that you have said, let me say a word. Speaking of worth, reminds me that you are now, in a pecuniary point of view, worth **absolutely nothing**; ay, more, that you are worse than a beggar."

Hellena started, and her cheek paled; the proud look of anger, she but a moment before wore, was now changed to one of humble sorrow.

"A beggar!" repeated she, "a beggar! I, a beggar! it can't be—it is some horrid dream!"

"It'll turn out reality, you'll find," chimed in Sharkly, with a savage grin. "Your will is gone—the records are gone—another will is in existence, and already have I had orders to take legal proceedings against you."

"Good Heavens! what will become of me. Oh, sir, you must save me from ruin! You can, I know you can. You can swear there was a later will, in my favor;" and Hellena looked on him, beseechingly.

"Well, supposing I can, do you suppose I will."

"O, yes! yes! you cannot be so hard of heart as to leave me a poor, friendless orphan—without the necessary comforts of life when it is in your power to save me."

"Why, how wonderfully I've improved in good qualities, for the last few minutes. You'll soon make me out a divine being, at such a rate. I, who would, but a short time since, buy orphans, to sell their tears, have become soft-hearted, dreadful fast, haven't I?" and Sharkly fairly chuckled at his own fancied wit.

"But I was hasty, good Mr. Sharkly; I acknowledge I was wrong;" and again Hellena bent her eyes, imploringly, upon him.

"Good Mr. Sharkly—ha, ha, ha! Good Mr. Sharkly! O, I see, I shall soon be a saint. Wonderful how I improve, isn't it? ha, ha, ha!"

The coarse jests of Sharkly were terrible humiliations to Hellena Ashton, but her all was depending, and she dared not do otherwise than bear, without a word of murmur.

"Oh! save me, save me from ruin, Mr. Sharkly! I beg, I implore of you—and I will forever bless you! Oh, will you not?"

"No! if you must have my answer; I glory in your downfall!" replied Sharkly, while his ugly visage assumed a savage,

hideous expression, that would have done honor to a fiend. "You have dared, Hellena Ashton, to treat me contemptuously, which is a sin I never forgive. Now will I have my revenge; I **CAN** save you from ruin, but I **WILL NOT**."

"Then, 'fore Almighty Heaven! do I invoke the orphan's curse upon your head!" and turning upon her heel—ere Sharkly recovered from his astonishment at this singular malediction—with a firm step, Hellena Ashton left the apartment.

"What do I care for her curse," muttered Sharkly, pacing the apartment with a somewhat nervous step. "What do I care for her curse? Haven't I been cursed often and often? but then they were not orphan's curses. Pshaw! what's the difference? all the same to me, so I make any thing by it. Well, now's the time for Roland to come in with his love business. I've worked her up just right. If she don't jump at his offer, now, I'm not much of a judge of human nature, and more particularly, woman's. Well, now let me see, I made a pretty nice job of it. I got hold of the records last night; a rather serious undertaking, for I had to break in; some confounded fool, of a locksmith, had so fixed the lock that I couldn't pick it. As soon as this other affair is over, it'll be the best thing in the world, for me, to travel for my health. Poor Miss Ashton, she ought not to be quite so proud, but she'll get humbled—yes indeed, will she—ha, ha, ha! Now if I was disposed I could make her happy; I could tell her how to get clear of this and keep her property; but then I should loose a few thousands, and, besides, get a bullet in my head. Ah, that Roland, he is a sad fellow—I don't exactly know what to make of him. Why should he want to marry Miss Ashton? Hang me, if I'd have her, with all her money. Marry me marry, and have a woman following me about—that would be fine, wouldn't it? ha, ha, ha!" At this point of Sharkly's soliloquy, while in his last burst of merriment, the door opened and Roland entered.

"You seem pleased, Mr. Sharkly; I heard you laugh while below."

"Rather;" and Sharkly's eyes twinkled.

"Every thing, then, I suppose, has worked to your satisfaction?"

"Couldn't have worked better."

"Has she been here?"

"Yes, and gone again."

"How did she seem to bear the news?"

"O, she took it all sorts of ways; sometimes proud and passionate—sometimes humble and mild. She called me all sorts of bad words, because I wouldn't agree to some of her propositions; and then, the next moment, begged my pardon, and said she was wrong. Ha, ha! it did my heart good to see the proud beauty humbled."

"What chance have I of succeeding, think you?"

"The best in the world, Mr. Roland—only talk to her right. She can't bear the idea of loosing her property—it grieves her to the soul. I even believe she might be tempted to marry me, to save her money;" and another hideous grin played over Sharkly's features.

"You!" exclaimed Roland, contemptuously, "marry you! Why, you vain, conceited, old fool! If I thought that she could be so tempted, were it in my power, I would throw her down the gulf of eternal perdition! Let me have no more of your jests, Mr. Sharkly."

A demonical expression passed over Sharkly's features, unperceived by Roland, but he made no reply.

"Where are those records, are they yet destroyed?"

Sharkly walked to their place of deposit, silently drew them forth and handed them to Roland.

"Now the other document, Mr. Sharkly."

Sharkly handed him the will of Hellena Ashton. But here, lest the reader should get confused in this matter, we will mention, that the will previously procured for Roland, by Sharkly, was the one made in favor of Garrick Herland; consequently the one he now received, with the intention of destroying, was the one by which Hellena held her property, and which Sharkly, as her lawyer, had held in his possession.

As Roland received both papers, he glanced over them, carefully, a few minutes, and then deliberately tore them in pieces—placed them in a small stove, in the room—applied to them a match—and, in a few seconds, there was nothing remaining but their ashes.

"Thus perish the will, and the records of the will, of Hellena Ashton! Frederick Herland is now sole heir to the possessions. Sharkly, my boy, you have done well," continued he, turning to him with a bland smile; "do me one more good act, and I will release, and pay you the stipulated sum."

"And that is—"

"To marry me, to Hellena Ashton."

"When?"

"As soon as possible; say three hours from this time."

"But you know I cannot, without her consent."

"Nor do I wish it. I shall in the meantime gain her consent; but for fear that she may change her mind, or that something may turn up to thwart me at last, I wish to have you in readiness—with some two or three others, whom I will select, as witnesses—to join us in wedlock."

"But where will it take place?"

"At her residence."

"Well sir, I am ready to assist you; but how shall I proceed?"

"You must come professionally, as my lawyer, to take an inventory of the property; and this will be a good plea for having the others with you—whom, as I said before, I will select, and with whom I will arrange the manner of their proceeding. This is a drama of life, and each actor must have his cue and play his part, well. I think, too, this will also have its effect on Hellena, and will be a strong argument in my favor. Do you understand, Mr. Sharkly?"

"I do. But where shall I find the companions, of whom you speak?"

"They will call for you, here."

"All, then, is ready."

"Enough—and now I will away, to decide that which will either make, or ruin me. Sharkly, we **MUST** not fail in this"—continued Roland, in a low hurried tone; "I say **MUST** not fail; my soul, itself, is bent on our success. Succeed Sharkly, succeed, and a fortune is yours!"—and, turning away, with a hurried step, Roland disappeared,—while old Sharkly re-lit his cigar, and again sat down to await the arrival of the others—and, probably, count over the profits, yet in prospective.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)

EXCELSIOR.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device,

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue

Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead!
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied

Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy wearied head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,

Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the height,

Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air

Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device

Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior!

ESSAYS.

FOR THE CASKET.
SELF-COMMAND.

NO. IV.

OBSTACLES TO ITS ACQUISITION.

BY L. A. HINE.

Were we travelling to Santa Fe in our own conveyance or on foot, a knowledge of the direction in which we must go and the road we should take, would be very essential in speedily attaining our destination. We could, it is true, perform this journey expeditiously by getting into a car, a coach, or upon a steam-boat without this knowledge; but in such case we should trust ourselves blindly to the care of others, and not exercise our own thought and discretion in directing our course. We should soon find ourselves in Santa Fe by this mode of travel, but very little would be added to our stock of knowledge, in comparison with that we should have acquired by going independently, and regarding the character of the country and the people by the way.

So in attaining an unwavering self-command over ourselves, we should be benefitted in accomplishing it by our own unaided efforts immeasurably more, than by selecting a Mentor to guide our course and receive our implicit, child-like obedience. He accomplishes something for himself, who thinks his own thoughts, determines his own rules of action and presses on sustained by his own moral courage, to the splendid position of a master man.

In going to Santa Fe, we must also exercise a prudent foresight with regard to the obstacles to be overcome, and the provisions that are pre-requisite to a prosperous journey. If a large portion of the way be a wilderness, we must take along our tents and all the means of sustenance; if streams are too deep to be forded, we must provide ourselves with utensils for building rafts for transporting ourselves and baggage; if robbers are lurking in caves and among the mountains ready to attack us, we must suitably arm ourselves for defence.

So, if there be obstacles in the way by which we must pass to a stable Imperium over ourselves, we must be aware of them and provide against the possibility of falling before them. If there be dark and discouraging scenes through which we must go, we can dispel that darkness by trimming the lamp of the soul within that it may shine without; if there are floods of returning passion to overcome, we must have a judgment upon which we can always rely, a reason that will constantly stand at the helm of the mind; and if temptations lurk along our pathway to allure and deceive with their charmed falsehoods, we must sternly bid the tempter get behind us, and crush the fascinating serpent ere it stings us to the life.

What are the obstacles we must encounter before we can wield a sceptre over ourselves?

1. Our self-righteousness. It is a common failing with man, to estimate himself higher than his true merits warrant. There are few who do not underrate their own faults and magnify their own virtues. There are many also who appear to think themselves free from every weakness, and wonder why their neighbors are so distant from them, as though there were not much repulsive in their characters. Almost any one can find enough in the daily walk and conversation of others, to criticise and rebuke, while they do not dream of the mote that is in their own eyes, and the stains of sin that are on their own garments. How sensible are we of the throbings of our fellow's heart, but how little do we feel the beatings of our own! With this disposition it is impossible to command ourselves. We must narrowly scan our own natures, and unveil the dark side of the picture, before we can correct our errors. The physician must know the character of the disease before he can administer relief to the sick. The dispeptic must groan under the daily loads of meat, bread, vegetables, pies, puddings, cakes and preserves that he sweeps from the table, until he learns the cause of his pains and reforms his gormandizing habits.

2. Our pride. Many daily make loud prayers for a conquest over their pride—for a more humble spirit. These, may think they are sincere in offering up their petitions, but the very slow progress they make in reform, proves that they deceive themselves. The only evidence we can have of sincerity, is found in the conduct, which cannot lie. What is the influence of pride? It prevents us from seeing our faults, or, if we should see them, from acknowledging and repenting of them at once. When we have done a wrong to our friend we ought always to confess it—but hollow-hearted pride despises this truest characteristic of an honest man, and a gen-

tleman. Our pride gives us a high opinion of ourselves, but sinks us to a despicable level in the estimation of the man of true spirit. Pride puffs us up like the receiving bag of the gasometer; but like that, we are in danger of an explosion offensive to others, and destructive to ourselves. In the language of a celebrated Divine, "pride will go down to hell and never strike her colors." We must vanquish this spirit, before we can live in peace with ourselves, or our fellows. We must learn that it is dignified to confess an injury done to another; but not to confess it, is degrading. There is hope of his improvement in all the graces of noble manhood, who is governed by this sentiment in his intercourse with his fellow men.

3. Moral cowardice. He is a moral coward who knows the right, and does the wrong—who disapproves a vice, and perseveres in its indulgence. A wound in the back was considered by the ancients, the surest mark of cowardice. Accordingly it is boasted of their heroes that they received a great number of wounds in the breast, but none in the back, therefore they were astonishingly brave. And it is said that Dentatus, when attacked alone by a large number of his enemies, backed up against a ledge of rocks, that he might receive their arrows and spears in the front part of his body. Leonidas, and all his three hundred brave Spartans, fell at the Pass, save one—he escaped and told the fatal news to his countrymen at home; but his flight, though effected after nearly all his comrades were slain around him, was considered so dishonorable, that he regretted he too, had not pillowed in their gory bed and made haste to slay himself. Astonishingly brave men, these ancients, no doubt; but then, this poor suicide, though he knew that it was foolish to throw himself uselessly into the jaws of death, yet he had not moral courage enough to stem the scorn of unreasonable men—and so, went and killed himself, although he had fought as long as there was a soul to second his arm. Alexander could plunge first into the river and swim across to the imbatteled enemy, but he had not moral courage enough to avoid the Herculean cup—and so he died like a beast, without discretion. Demosthenes could talk eloquently of both physical and moral bravery, but, when endeavoring to set an example of the former, was found the first to fly, and while flying caught his garment in some brambles, and cried out, "spare me! spare me!" though there was not an enemy in sight; and it is said that he finally took a bribe from Phillip, and consequently was a moral coward. We have a good many Demosthenes, particularly in this respect, in our day. Socrates was, perhaps, the most morally courageous man we read of; he could teach what he thought the truth, and stand by it even to trial and sentence to death, ay, and he could talk familiarly with his friends to the moment of death without any trembling—but after drinking the hemlock and laying himself down to die, he began to think, perhaps the heathen gods he had discarded might be the true gods, and accordingly cried out, to his friend, "remember a cock to Esculapius." What we would get at is, that there are two kinds of courage—one which supports us in the moment of physical danger, and one which sustains us unmoved when moral danger threatens. The latter, is little praised or thought of—though it is as much more noble than the other, as the mind is nobler than the dull clay of the body. It prevents us from yielding to any evil influence, and supports our manhood when our consciousness of right would incline us to stand out in opposition to an erroneous public opinion. It is cowardice in any one to muzzle his own mouth when that which he would say is unpopular with the mass. This course debases us—and instead of commanding ourselves, we suffer popular opinion to command us. Again, our friend asks us to indulge in that which is injurious—we rather not displease him and consequently yield—this is moral cowardice. Our passions rise—we have not courage enough to quell the storm and are prostrated by the blast—this is moral cowardice. A man then to fill the true position of a man, must be morally brave.

4. False views of life. A fourth obstacle to the attainment of self-command is, false views of the great object of life. Very few think there is nothing worth living for except the full evolving of our interior nature that they may live in virtue and spirit far above the dark and turbid billows that so frequently shipwreck all our joys and hopes. Man's temporal and eternal destiny is not duly appreciated; else nothing would be desired or sought that does not bring us nearer, and nearer to the bright goal of existence. Instead of this, we enter into the unworthy strife for wealth and bury our spirits in the corruptions that necessarily attend its acquisition. Man, as a general rule, is a slave to this abasing passion. He sets up a golden image and bows down to it with the heart's

devotion. He rises early, and instead of lifting his soul up toward the Infinite God of the Universe, he addresses his first prayer to his inanimate idol. He retires late at night, and instead of reviewing his life through the day, detecting his vices, repenting them and asking aid to avoid them in the future, he thinks only of the opportunities he has neglected for increasing the amount of his sacrifice to Mammon, and the number of individuals from whom he might have made larger speculations. Thus it is, man sells his soul and descends from his elevation, instead of rising to a loftier seat. This enshaded passion must be subdued. There is little hope of any thing good proceeding from the young man who commences life in servility to its tyrannous power.

Random Sketches,

FOR THE CASKET.
THE PUFFTOWN ELECTION.

BY B. ST. JAMES FRY.

It was election day in Pufftown—but the reader may think that there is nothing strange in this announcement. Indeed there would not be under common circumstances, but we would apprise you that the time in question, was a memorable day in the records of that place. Such an event had never happened there before, and the heads in the town were well nigh turned topsy-turvy on this account. It was strange how patriotic feelings, long smothered in the quietude of village life, made utterance in words from men altogether ungifted in conversational powers. Why, if you will believe me, widow Jenkins, although her husband had been dead only nine months, considered it her duty to visit her neighbors and enquire on which side she should use her influence. Even the boys had early caught the infection, and twice a day, for the last two weeks, they had held elections in the schoolyard, with all the dignity of Roman patriots.

The dignitaries to be elected on this occasion, were one squire, two constables, and the same number of Township trustees. These were not great offices, to be sure, in the estimation of a great part of the world; but to the people of Pufftown, of the most important interest; and it had been asserted by the schoolmaster, that it required as much talent, as much patriotism as the office of President and no slight knowledge of the dead languages, to fill these offices; for how could a man read Blackstone without an acquaintance with Latin? Indeed, some had supposed, that he firmly believed he, himself, was the only person qualified for the purpose.

When the matter had first presented itself, it was generally believed no one would accept the arduous task, but Dick Thompson came forward. Now Dick was a loafer, and would favor his friends in that line. Deacon Williams, with indignation, came forward in opposition, saying that he was willing to endure hardships without number, rather than the office of squire should be disgraced with such a man as Dick Thompson. His name had not been before the people more than two days, when Mr. William John James Dodson, Esq., Dry Goods Merchant, (so he always wrote his name,) ventured to hint that he was just as good a man as the Deacon. The Deacon's wife grew indignant, and his two daughters gave a party at one day's notice; to which Mr. Dodson was not invited, as a matter of course. That such treatment should rouse the spirit of Mr. Dodson, was not strange, so he gave a bachelors' party at the hotel; purchased all the shooting crackers, not consumed on the fourth of July, and distributed them, to the boys in the village; sundry, also, of the younger females received presents of beads, laces and rare toys, until the town grew rich at his benevolence.

We consider it contrary to our duty to give our opinion of their individual merits, but shall present some of the prominent points in each; from which the reader may easily judge. The Deacon was a married man, which, however, we believe is one of the qualifications for the office, the father of four children, whom their mother held up to the world as models of beauty and goodness. Far be it from us to take exceptions to the knowledge of any lady, but admitting the goodness of the young female Williams, we question their beauty. The elder one, (for two of the children were daughters,) Ann Eliza Jane, would be what you would call good looking, were it not for a striking peculiarity of her figure: she was twenty-five at the least—a very good age for getting married, by the by—tall and slim,

"The lady Jane was tall and slim."
Ay slim to perfection, and the perfection of slimness, you should know, is such, that it precludes all hope of being other-

wise, without the aid of some fashions which were not known in that day. But this was not all; she was what some of the wicked boys had called "HATCHET FACED;" not that her face was unusually long, but that her nose was unusually sharp and her cheeks thin, this, too, might be obviated in the present day by Professor Allen. So you see, on the whole she might have been done up in such a manner that "handsome young lady," would not have been a malicious libel; and we presume her mother, in a dream, had so seen her. Her sister Nancy, plump and rosy cheek, she had a genuine turn-up nose and red hair. It is not to be denied that Socrates had one of these same kind of noses, and was considered a noble looking man; but her's was a little too much so, ever to hope for old age to make a Grecian out of it's deformity. Red hair we said; well all of the Modonas of Guido have reddish kind of hair; yet we never heard of a lover begging a lock of hair from his lady love who boasted of the scarlet color. One young man of the village—to speak plainly, it was the Doctor—had written a sonnet for the paper calling her locks "golden;" we quote the lines not to be mistaken:

"Thy gently curling locks may justly vie
With the splendor of the golden sunset sky!"

But all said it was a freak of the imagination caused by love or money, or both.

The other candidate (Dick Thompson had been hired to withdraw) for the office of Esquire—the offices of Constable and Township Trustee not being called in question—namely, William John James Dodson, Esq., dry goods merchant, was a bachelor—as we have already intimated—thirty-five years of age, worth five thousand dollars, and what, in that section of country, was called handsome—need we say any thing more? The widow Jenkins would describe him in a much longer paragraph—but then she could talk so.

Having proceeded so far, we will again commence: It was election day in Pufftown—a bright morning in October; crops had been secured; corn, or at least some portion of it, had been gathered—some were talking of commencing apple cuttings and quiltings. There had been a sleepless night to some in the town, or else they had retired without extinguishing their lights. The widow Jenkins had sat by her window and sang sweet songs—we are sure that it was not done with the intention of attracting the attention of Mr. Dodson from the care which surrounded him, for she had done so, very often, when her husband was alive, and it was quite natural for one so young, pretty and free-hearted to sing merry songs.

As early as nine o'clock the polls had been opened, at the post office, and the townsmen had collected together to see the commencement. Some of the school boys (for they had a holiday) had been gaping on, for they supposed that it was at least equal to the opening of a canal, or the House of Representatives, at the capitol. It is unnecessary to say they were disappointed—it is the common lot of youth. The voting proceeded slowly; some were enquiring into the views of the candidates concerning the future condition of the town. What did each of the candidates propose as their course of action. Some wished to know about their views on the National Road, the Town Pump—in a very dilapidated situation—the side of the court house about to be built, and sundry other things.

"I want it understood," said Bill Wiggins, "that I vote for no man who is not in favor of expending a small sum on the pump."

Bill had missed a famous Berkshire pig, some time before, and it had that morning been hauled from the well.

"The National Road should have a branch to our city," said the agent of the stage company; "a man of integrity could exert the right influence, and we would rival Squashville."

So, at last, they all agreed to send for each of the candidates and have speeches, before deciding such important matters. A committee of two was dispatched with the orders, while some of the others arranged a stage from which they would hear words of eloquence. Soon the committee returned, reporting that the citizens would be waited upon. Fifteen minutes had elapsed when the Deacon appeared in his usual manner, his smiling face and quiet bow. The request was soon made known. He begged them to wait until his opponent should arrive. Soon Mr. Dodson arrived and the Deacon mounted the stand, and in a full, round voice, spoke as follows:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: I rise on this momentous and trying occasion, rather against my will, but submitting to the will of the sovereign people. I glory in bein' an American and the candidate of such enlightened people. You know me just like a book, and there's no use of talkin' to you—engagin' that are time you should be spendin' for the good of your country. I've been axed concernin' the pump; my opinion is that one

of the greatest blessings in a town is, good water to make coffee and mix brandy. I therefore pledge myself as a man, as a citizen of the United States, as a resident of Pufftown, to fix that are pump and preserve the neighbors pigs from an untimely death, and their owners from loss. As for the road affair, why here's my heart and hand that no man livin' will do more for that same road than I will. I have even thought of havin' a rail road to our city, and the time may arrive before I die, when we will go a whizzin' like lightning. (A small burst of applause.) But now for the last pinte—you have inquired concernin' the kind of court house that I go in for. Why, feller citizens, we must have one of the tallest kind of ones, one that will do honor to the State and the enlightened community. Feller citizens, I haint got no more to say, except that you'll do your duty as men and citizens of the United States of Ameriky."

In the midst of acclamations, the Deacon stepped from the stage. It had been observed that, during the speech, Mr. Dodson's mouth occasionally twitched, and that he showed signs of restlessness. When all eyes were turned enquiringly upon him for a speech, he began to grow pale, even tremble. He had never made a speech and it would certainly be a hard task—but, with the assistance of some friends, he managed to get on the staging. He blushed like a young girl on her first introduction to company, drew out a white handkerchief, (we should have mentioned that he was dressed out in his best,) but seemed to have no use for it, plunged one hand in his vest pocket and drew out a tooth-pick—he saw his mistake, and endeavoring to correct it, sought to find his handkerchief, which he held in his hand. At length an intellectual smile came over his face and he stammered out:

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens;" some one here gave vent to a most malicious cough, which startled him. The audience of freemen began to grow impatient. Some pitied him, some wondered at his presumption, and some whispered loudly to their friends at their elbows, "he aint a goin' to do."

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens of the United States, I—I;" but words refused to give vent to his patriotic thoughts.

A voice from the crowd gave a deep sob, and some one in return gave a dignified bah! which was followed by a very correct imitation of a chanticleer.

Mr. Dodson grew red in the face and dropped his handkerchief; presumed it had fallen in his pocket. He thrust his hand to its depth and drew out—a night cap. A mute astonishment came over the faces of the crowd, which were at last broken by some urchin crying out in a stern tone:

"Carry him out! move him!"

"Put him to bed!" chimed in a more sentorian voice.

"Put him to bed! he can't make a speech; he's too sleepy."

Our readers will at once acknowledge that Mr. Dodson was not the man to retain his equilibrium under such circumstances. We doubt if Diogenes would not have dropped his tub and lantern in wonder. As you have already guessed, our friend sloped—to use their expression of the departure; even here his bad fortune clung to him. In getting off the staging he slipped, and it was with difficulty that he regained his balance; but in so doing he dropped the night cap, which to this time he had retained in his hand. A little dirty faced shaver, known as "Dirty Dick," snatched it up, and surveying it closely, exclaimed,

"Well now, gosh! If that arnt our Sue's cap then I don't know nothin'. If I don't tell her then I'm blamed."

A roar of laughter followed this, from all sides. Mr. Dodson gave one glance at the boy, but Dick was not to be overlooked by the man who called him dirty face. He made one desperate stride and gained the edge of the crowd; a strange anomaly of disagreeable emotions were displayed upon his face. An old friend sought to grasp his hand and offer consolation. He hesitated.

"I'm a fool, if you please, to tell the truth; I've been sacrificed, or my name aint Dodson. No wonder, John, I feel bad. Have you any orders to send to New York. I'll start to-morrow, if I'm well. Tell Jane I can't dine with her to-day."

"Don't take it so hard, my dear Dodson, you have'nt lost much by it. The office aint no great shakes any how. I'll see you well in a day or two; good bye."

But a few moments elapsed before Mr. Dodson had gained his room; for a ten minutes he walked backwards and forwards and across it; then commenced to whistle Yankee Doodle. It stirred up thoughts of his country; he might have done it some service, but he could not make a speech. Carelessly he glanced out of his window; a pair of bright eyes were gazing on him, from widow Jenkins' cottage. A neighbor passing by, stopped a moment, when she stepped inside

and closed the blinds. The house looked as desolate as it did the day that her husband had died. As time passed on, Mr. Dodson grew calm and collected; he even smiled, and when night came he slept soundly.

As a matter of course, it was known early on the next morning that the deacon had been elected by an overwhelming majority. Dodson even laughed loudly when he heard of it, and wished him joy.

No small change came over the Deacon, he walked more spruce on the next Sabbath than usual. As for his daughters, they were more than ever beautiful, in the eyes of sundry young men, but particularly so to the Doctor.

The Pufftown election ended thus, but not so the characters who had figured in it. Mr. Dodson and the Deacon grew on very good terms, immediately; and we shall, at some future date, again present them.

JOSEPHINE was one of Nature's queens—she was divorced, says her biographer, but her love did not cease; in her retirement she joyed in all Napoleon's successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his rash ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he used at her residence remained as he left it. The book in which he had been last reading there, with the page doubled down, and the pen that he had last used by it, with the ink dried on its point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before his return from Elba; but her last words expressed the hope and belief that 'she never caused a single tear to flow.' She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body followed to the grave not only by Princes and Generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty. Her marble monument bears only this inscription, 'EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE.'

THE DAUGHTER'S REPROOF—I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling, when I heard a very bad man using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed of illness; it was fearful to see and hear him, and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little sick girl, about eleven years of age that was dying of a consumption, went to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated hand upon his arm, and looking up in his face said: "Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say; pray don't speak so, father." She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I will do anything that child tells me to do, for she's an angel." His fierce nature was subdued; goodness and love had made this little child one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF ATTACHMENT IN A DOG!—A little girl, the only and well-beloved child of her parents, died a few weeks since, and was interred in the private family burying ground. A large Newfoundland dog, the private companion and playmate of the child, was frequently missing from the house after the funeral. When seen he was observed to be crest-fallen and drooping; he refused his food, moped, and lost flesh every day. These circumstances exciting curiosity, the animal was watched and followed in his stealthy excursions, and it at length appeared that he went daily to the grave of his former friend and playmate, and deposited, at each visit, some of the child's playthings obtained secretly from the house, on the grassy mound that covered her remains, in the vain hope of alluring her to his side again, and then lay down, and pass an hour, moaning and whining pitifully. His master was obliged, finally, to chain up the animal to put an end to his melancholy vigils, the continuance of which would have cost the faithful mourner his existence. A more touching instance of devotion and attachment has rarely been begotten beneath one notice.

"TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table-spoonful of pulverized alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred round at the time,) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful."

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, MAY 27, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Caroline Mandeville:"—Is the title of a short story which we have received, and which will soon appear. Though not written in that bold and vigorous style we so much admire, still it contains good sentiments, with a good moral.

"Poetry of Art."—Our readers will, doubtless, be gratified to learn that we have received No. III, of Dr. Dunn's series of this title, which we shall lay before them next week.

"Norsidda:"—From our friend and correspondent of Davenport, Iowa—is welcome, as any thing from his pen is sure to be. It will soon appear. We sincerely hope he will find time for the "tale" he spoke of. His request of us shall be attended to, so soon as we can find leisure—of course he will excuse us, until we can.

"What is Love?"—Will not answer our purpose. It lacks metre, euphony, and is not handled with that dignity which the subject requires. Perhaps the author would do better to turn his attention to prose. There is an abundance of rhymers, in the country, but very few poets—from the fact, probably, that nearly every beginner endeavors to find favor with the Muses. Now this is erroneous. A writer, and more especially a new one, should never attempt verse, unless impelled by an irresistible force within, which is, in other words, the inspiration attributed to poets; and none but those, so forced to write, can ever expect to become distinguished. Even then it requires the utmost care in composition, for the critic will rarely ever forgive a fault. And another thing we would mention, by the way, that correspondents who expect that an Editor is going to make their bad composition readable—as far as we are concerned—labor under a mistake. We like good compositions on all subjects, and ever feel grateful to their authors for them; but we have no time, nor inclination, to pick up an article and re-write it. In these few remarks we do not wish to be considered as alluding to any one individual—they are intended for general rules among all whom they may concern.

"In this city there has been great excitement, caused by the news of victory. Both Ohio and Kentucky shores have echoed with the roar of cannon, and the rejoicing of Free-men!"

"The Patriots are anxious to meet our Army in the Halls of the Montezumas. Gen. Scott is already ordered to meet them there. Now for volunteering."

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Much as this war is to be deplored, we must nevertheless stand to our arms until the enemy is disposed to peace. It is too late to hesitate, in an inquiry into the causes which have led to the shedding of blood so dishonorable to the enlightenment of the age in which we live. With regard to the questions whether Mexico or the United States be responsible for this dreadful alternative, or, whether both are blameable, or upon which political party of this country the guilt must fall if our people have wronged themselves, the Mexicans and the world in this affair, we must trust to the impartiality of the historian, who will, in calmer times, record the facts, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." We would fain believe, that the American Government which extends its happy influence over the most enlightened people of the earth, has in all respects, acquitted itself according to the dictates of justice and magnanimity. We should conclude thus, were we to judge alone from the proclamation of the Mexican President himself. He intimates that God has placed him at the helm of State for the purpose of vindicating the honor and defending the territory of his country. He leads us to believe that his whole aim was, while rising into power, to make war upon the American people. And what is the grievance of which he complains? The annexation of Texas is the wrong which he wished to avenge. Now, every consideration of justice demonstrates the error into which he has fallen. To say nothing of the right of every people of a distinct portion of territory, to attach themselves to any power they please, or to declare and maintain their own independence if they choose, the fact that Mexico, for many years, has not attempted to re-conquer Texas, is enough to defeat her claim to its re-acquisition. It would be a fraud of the most outrageous kind, to abandon a province as Mexico has, thereby leading the world to suppose her jurisdiction forever

withdrawn, and when people had gathered in from all parts of the world under the inducement of freedom, to send an army for the purpose of subjecting them. The law of nations declared Texas to be independent; and being so, the people had the indisputable right to establish such forms of government as they might deem most conducive to their welfare. The Texan did so; and shall Paredes stand justified before the world with such an apology for war, especially after the first Nations of the Earth had recognized their independence?

But we did not intend these remarks when we commenced. We merely wish to congratulate the people of this Republic on the unity and patriotic ardor they manifest in their efforts to sustain the country. All parties and all sects concur in the necessity which demands zeal and harmony; and the private feuds and partisan animosities are merged in the obligation of all to stand firmly to the Nation's defense. Our young men call upon their fathers to "TRY US," and are volunteering by thousands, notwithstanding the fatality of the epidemic that will soon prevail at the seat of war. They know this should not intimidate them, for their country needs their services; and, besides, if the enemy persists in the war until the dangerous season arrives, they will push onward into the heart of the Mexican territory where the Highlands are healthful, and nothing is to be feared. The enemy will be disappointed in their expectation, that contagion will second their arms and do for them that which they are unable to do for themselves.

INDIANA—WAR EXCITEMENT.

A requisition has been made, by the President, on the Governor of this state, for 2400 volunteers. It has caused no little excitement among the Hoosier boys, and large and patriotic meetings are now being held in every county—and, mid the sound of the drum of war, the enrollment goes nobly on.

On Monday evening last, we witnessed one of these gallant turn-outs in Lawrenceburg, which really did credit to the chivalry of the place. At an early hour, the Court House, the place of rendezvous, was so crowded that hundreds could not get in and the speakers were obliged to address them from without.

The speeches were short and patriotic, and were often received with loud and deafening cheers from the band of gallant freemen there assembled. The speaking being over, the stand was mounted, and the song of the Star Spangled Banner was sung in a rich, melodious voice, by some gentleman from the crowd, and as the tones of his voice trembled on the lines,

"O long may the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,"
there was a dead silence; but every nerve was strengthening, and the hot blood was leaping through the veins of the assemblage; and when he finally paused, there went up such a voice of unity as would have made the bravest of the Mexicans turn pale and tremble for the land of his fathers. It was the voice of a free—an independent people—and in that shout they swore to defend their country, the graves of their fathers, their altars and their homes!

Ay, and they will do it! Who will stand idly by when the hand of war is upon us—when our peaceful and flourishing cities, hamlets, and villages are about to be made desolate by a boasting, barbarous foe? Who will see their sisters, wives, and children insulted, by a demi-savage race of men, and not raise an opposing arm?

"To arms! to arms!" is the universal cry, echoing from Texas to Maine—from the Pacific to the Atlantic shores. Columbia has called upon her noble sons to defend her in her hour of need—and will they pause? No! they are "eager for the fray!" A voice, a mighty voice, comes up from Bunker Hill, from Saratoga, from Yorktown, and in cheering tones resounds, "On, on to victory!" They have not forgotten the conquest of their fathers, (then few in number,) over that nation who boasts, the sun never sets on her dominions; and will they fear an enemy whom but a blow can crush? Never! They are ready for deeds of daring—ready to plant the Star Spangled Banner, and bid it wave in triumph over the very halls of the Montezumas.

It was with feelings of pride we heard the beating of the drum and the tramp of men, in the dead hour of night, through the streets of Lawrenceburg, and knew that many of them had pledged their honor to march, at the call of their country, to the very citadel of Mexico, and there do deeds which yet will live upon the pages of history!

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

In company with a friend, a few days since, we took occasion to visit this place for the first time, and truly can we say, we do not regret our journey. Rising Sun stands on an eminence, over-looking the beautiful Ohio, which winds, like a

silver belt, along its southern base, and which is occasionally enlivened by large, magnificent steamers, ploughing through its waters, and sending their hoarse notes far away on either side. The streets of this place are neat and regularly laid out—many of them shaded by trees, growing along its sidewalks. Its inhabitants, of which it numbers some two thousand, appear to be happy, intelligent and enterprising. Its morals, if we judge from the number of its churches—consisting of five,—two Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist, a Campbellite, and a Universalist—must be good. It also boasts a Seminary of learning—and we saw a large cotton factory, but a little distance from the heart of the village, which we were informed was newly completed, and now about ready for operation. It contains three hotels—all of which, we believe, are conducted on the temperance principle—a court house, market house and a printing office, where is published an interesting sheet called the "Blade."

We called on the Editor of the latter, and found him an intelligent and courteous gentleman, some twenty-five years of age. His paper is conducted on the neutral principle, and he informed us was doing well—which of itself speaks well for the place—as it is the only kind of paper the inhabitants will support. One thing strikes a stranger rather forcibly, and that is to see the number of steeples which tower aloft, of which nearly every church has one, and for which deficiency they have added one to the market-house. We tarried but a few hours, and came away, with the full determination of revisiting this place, when we have leisure.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of Graham is before us. It has, as usual, an elegant engraving and fashion plate, and in its pages are represented PAULDING, BENJAMIN, HOSMER, INMAN, GRUND, MRS. WELBY, MRS. STEPHENS, &c., who speak for themselves. Graham intends some reform in the literature of his magazine. He proposes, "in the coming volume, greatly to amplify the literary department of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad." We are glad to hear this, and hope he will fulfil his promise. He has heretofore been liberal in paying his contributors, and has now offered \$1,000, in prizes, to be paid for the best Sea Story, the best Revolutionary Story, the best Essay on American Literature, the best Poem and the best Story of Domestic Life. The competitors are to forward their productions before the first of October next. All such are his property, and considering the many that will seek the prizes, this is the cheapest mode of procuring contributions.

For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati, and JOHN FERRIS, of Lawrenceburg, Ia.

E. Z. C. JUDSON.

This individual has published his version of the late Nashville tragedy. He denies being guilty of any act leading to that unfortunate occurrence. He speaks of both Mr. and Mrs. Porterfield with high respect, and "defies proof" of any improper intercourse with this lady. He says the "grave yard scene" is a fiction, and explains the circumstances thus:—His enemy had whispered in Porterfield's ear, that there was a suspicious intimacy between him and his victim's wife—that P. was excited, met him, and presented a pistol to his breast. I told him I was innocent, that I was armed, but would not draw upon him; whereupon some friend of P. interfered and prevented any firing. The next day, Mrs. P., having heard that J. had raised the reports concerning her virtue, sent him word that she could not believe him guilty of such villainy until she had heard him confess it with his own lips. As he could not visit her at her own house with propriety, he requested her to meet him on the street on which she resided, which led toward the grave yard, and during a few minutes walk he would assure her of his innocence. They met—were together not exceeding fifteen minutes on a public thoroughfare where they could be constantly seen by five hundred persons looking from their windows—none of whom have dared to say that he "was ever seen to touch that unhappy lady's hand." An exaggerated report of this meeting was made to P., who became greatly excited and met him the next day with deadly intent. J. told him again that he was innocent, intreated him to be calm and investigate the charges against him, and that he did not wish to quarrel with him. Seeing there was no escape, except by defending himself, J. permitted P. to fire at him three times, and then discharged the fatal ball. This is all of J.'s statement wherein he contradicts the reports of the papers.

Selected.

The following beautiful story originally appeared in the Wayne County Standard. We understand the authoress is very young—if so, she has only to press forward, and we predict for her, at no distant day, a high and enviable position as a writer.

We hope, soon, to number her among our contributors.

THE SILVER LUTE; OR, THE GYPSY SINGER.

BY MISS MARIETTA V. FULLER.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 47.)

Used, as she was to praise and flattery, his tones thrilled her heart with new and undefined emotions, and in her agitation, she dropped her hat at his feet. In a moment he was on his knee before her, presenting it to her; but not till he had disengaged the ribbon which bound it, and with her flowers, placed them in his bosom. This action brought all Zaila's self-possession to her aid, and with flashing eye and haughty tone, she demanded that which he had taken.

'Nay, fair maiden, I meant thee no offence; but surely I shall be compelled to disbelieve thy profession of gratitude, if thou dost still refuse so slight a token of remembrance to one who loves thee wholly. For, here on my bended knees, I swear that no other image than—'

He ceased, for her to whom he was pouring forth his ardent vows, was bounding lightly away, guily singing—

'I'm a merry, merry Gipsy lass,

And no other would I be,

Nor king, nor titled courtier,

Shall breathe his vows to me.'

So, taking his bow and arrows, he departed to dream of the lovely enchantress who had woven her spell around the chain of his destiny.

But though Zaila thus lightly fled from the vows of the handsome and noble looking courtier, yet she could not so easily cast his image from her mind. For her's was a heart overflowing with the wealth of young and ardent affections, and which could not be contented with the love of a parent, idolizing though it was. So, it was no wonder that the words and looks of one like him, should open a new fountain in her heart, whose pure and holy waters should never cease to gush forth with a sad and mournful music. Zaila knew that his rank was far above hers, and that, probably, long before this, he had ceased to think of the humble songstress of the grove. Still was the remembrance of him ever clouding the sunshine of her heart, till her soft cheek grew more transparent, her fawn-like step less agile, and the languishing light in her dark eye, more earnest and tremblingly tearful; yet was she but more spiritually beautiful. At last the sad music which was trembling on her heart-strings, formed itself into words and was breathed from her lips in numbers of pensive and mournful sweetness. Then, indeed, did every heart acknowledge the wondrous powers of the lovely songstress; but she heeded not their praise, and only longed to be free from their flatteries.

The Gipsy woman could not but note the sorrow that was preying upon her child, and when at length she won from the blushing maiden the confession of her love, she replied,

'Aye, aye, the time will come when he shall be proud to claim thee as his bride; it will not be long, till the fulfilment of that for which I have so long suffered.'

Zaila looked with wonder upon her parent as she said this, but she questioned her not, for she felt that her destiny, perhaps, was to be a strange one, and the dim recollection of a thousand long past incidents crowded upon her mind.

And now, there came a message from the Queen, requesting Zaila to be present at court and give a concert to the assembled nobles of the land. Great as was the distinction, Zaila would fain have declined the invitation, had not her mother bade her accept it. With her own hand, her mother attired her for the festival, and as she fastened the last rich braid of hair in its place, whispered, 'You will not return the same as you are now.'

Zaila replied not, save by an enquiring glance, and departed with a secret hope of seeing the young hunter who had saved her life.

The spacious and lofty musician's hall was filled with the noblest personages of the land; but there was no haughty 'lady' present, whose proud lips deigned not to bestow a meed of praise upon the youthful songstress, as she timidly entered, and was led, with downcast eyes, into the presence of the Queen. Never, perhaps, had she looked so exquisitely lovely, as when she blushingly received the token of the Queen's favor, in the shape of a magnificent diamond bracelet, which her

majesty clasped with her own hands upon her small wrist. A robe of crimson velvet set off her dark complexion and graceful form to the utmost advantage; whilst her raven tresses, which usually fell in rich profusion on her swan-like neck, were parted into glossy braids, and negligently fastened by a gold pin. Her rounded arms were bare, being shaded only by a pall of richly worked lace, and her tiny foot was thrust into a dainty slipper of embroidered satin.

When Zaila seated herself, she glanced inquiringly around, in search of a never to be forgotten one, but the face of the young hunter greeted her not, and with a feeling of disappointment she turned to her lute. If expressions of admiration had not been murmured before, when her slender fingers wandered among the lute-strings, calling forth the most thrilling strains of witching melody, and mingling with them the soft clear tones of her sweet voice; then it was that their power could be traced, in the still and scarcely breathing auditorium. But when voice and lute ceased, a perfect shower of applause and clapping of tiny hands, and throwing of flowers, might have rivalled a like scene in a Parisian theatre.

Whilst Zaila was singing, a deep groan sounded through the hall, and a nobleman, who had just entered, fell insensible into the arms of his servants, and was borne off.

In the confusion which followed, Zaila heard the name of 'Count Lelingford' frequently mentioned; but though it sounded familiar to her, she could not recollect where she had heard it.

The company had departed from the musician's hall and Zaila was in one of the suites of rooms belonging to the maids of honor, who were curiously questioning her and praising her performance, when a servant entered and said that the Count Lelingford requested a private interview with the Gipsy singer who had been performing in the concert hall. Full of conjectures Zaila entered his presence, and the first glance at his face doubled her doubts, for the face seemed as familiar as the name.

'Thy name?' said he, as soon as they were alone.

'Zaila,' was the reply.

'Hast thou any parents?'

'I have a mother.'

'And what is her name?'

'Our tribe call her the lute woman.'

'Thou sayest thou art a Gipsy. Wast always one?'

'Tis so my parents tell me.'

'Thou canst not then remember of being other than thou art now?'

'Sometimes there comes a vague remembrance of a quiet village and lovely cottage home, and of a Gipsy enticing me away with the music of her lute. But my mother says 'tis but a dream.'

As Zaila said this, the agitation of the Count increased to such a degree, that it was with a scarcely audible voice he asked,

'And that, then, is all thou knowest of it?'

'Some months ago we were travelling in the north of England, when we paused at a lofty castle. The lord of the domain was absent; but I remember of my mother asking a very lovely lady who invited us there, if she were his wife. I know that whilst we were there, the place seemed familiar to me, as one which I sometimes dream of as having been the home of my infancy, and immediately there came upon me, the recollection of a beautiful and richly dressed lady, who hung over me with all a mother's fondness. And of a proud and stately man who was all kindness to her and me. The moment I beheld your face, the scene at the castle was brought to my mind; for surely it is like his who called me daughter. It is very strange that such foolish fancies will present themselves to me; my parent frowns when I repeat them.'

'Who—where is she—thy mother?' hurriedly uttered the Count. 'Pardon me, but was she ever kind to thee?'

'My mother, though cold and distant to others, has ever been the kindest and most idolizing of parents. And though sometimes gloomy and abstracted, yet was she ever gentle to me; and never did she dispute my will save once. That was that I should attend the concert this evening. In this she seemed to have some especial object, for she selected my attire and bade me wear it. Before I left, she opened a small box which I had never before seen, and took from thence this chain and miniature, which she placed around my neck, and this ring upon my finger.'

'Let me see the ring,' said the Count.

Zaila drew it from her finger and handed it to him. It was a plain gold ring, on the inside of which was inscribed the word 'Isodene.'

'God of Heaven! it is too true! My wife! my child!—and

Count Lelingford fell back upon his chair, and would have again sunk into insensibility had not Zaila hastily summoned a servant with cordials.

Upon the restoration of the Count, he ordered the servants to withdraw, and when they were again alone, exclaiming,

'Oh Isodene! my own—my long lost child,' he threw his arms around her and pressed her to his bosom.

'Thy child?' said the perplexed and wondering Zaila.

'Yes, Isodene, 'tis true; thou art my child, and she, thy Gipsy mother, is my wife. Come, sit by me, and I will tell thee all.'

Mechanically did Zaila obey, and the Count commenced:

'I shall not dwell long upon the scenes of my youth. Suffice it to say that I was ever haughty and passionate; the hatred and fear of those schoolmates, whom I considered below me in wealth or rank, and over whom I delighted to exercise that power which, as a son of a Count, I felt myself authorized to claim. But among my classmates there was one to whom I was sincerely attached, and whom I felt to be my equal in every respect. His name was Edward, the young Duke of Elmainge. When we had finished our education, we set out together on a tour through Europe. The second country which we visited was Spain, and there we became acquainted with the beautiful daughter of one of Spain's proudest nobles. Never, before, had my eyes rested upon so lovely and fascinating a creature, as was Isodene, only daughter of Don Elvardo, the most powerful noble in the Spanish court. The first time we met, was at a masquerade, given by her father, and before the evening was half over, her beauty and grace had completely captivated me.'

'We met again, and I found that my love was returned. Half phrenised with joy, I sought her father's consent to our union; but the haughty nobleman gave me a decided negative. This was indeed, a damper to our hopes, but determined that Isodene should be mine, I persuaded her to elope. For the sake of my love, she left her country, home and friends; taking only her lute, which was the gift of her dead mother.'

'My friend journeyed on, whilst I, proud of my beautiful bride, returned home and spent a season at court, when, my father having died, we retired to his country seat.—It was the castle you spoke of as having visited. Here did I and my sweet bride spend four of the happiest years that ever blessed the life of mortals. Surrounded with books and birds and flowers, and with her cherished lute, myself and her infant, for companions, my wife's heart seemed constantly thrilling with rapturous delight. I, too, was equally happy. Her purity and goodness seemed to have dispelled all my evil disposition, and gave room only for the exhibition of the good qualities which I possessed.'

'At length my friend returned from foreign countries; and his first act was to seek out the little paradise of which I had sent him a most glowing description. You was then about three years old, and the very picture of your mother. Being warmly welcomed, my friend prolonged his stay at the castle from weeks to months, till he had almost become one of our little circle. He was always paying the most devoted attention and gallantries to my wife, who received them as coming from her husband's friend, and in that light it was, that I also viewed them. Gradually did Elmainge advance hints as to the sincerity of my wife in her professions of devotion to me; and alluding to the favor which she had shown him, previous to our marriage. Finding that I repelled his insinuations with indignation, he desisted for the time; but not till he had aroused not only jealousy towards my wife, but hatred towards him.—At length he advanced, seemingly, plausible proofs of the perfidy of her whom I had esteemed as almost an angel, and then, like a coward as he was, he fled from my presence, improbable as it would have seemed in my calmer moments, I then believed that my wife had never loved me; but had wedded me with her affections fixed upon another.'

'In a paroxysm of rage, I sought her apartment, and charged her with perfidy. Terrified at my furious aspect, and horror-struck at the charges made against her, she fell insensible at my feet. When she awoke to recollection, she defended herself with all the truth of artless innocence; but too enraged to listen to anything, I bade her begone. Now was all the haughtiness of her Spanish blood aroused, and turning proudly and without a tear, she took her child and was about to depart. But determined that she should be fully punished, I snatched you from her arms, and again bade her go. All a mother's tenderness rushed upon her heart, and for the sake of her child, she deigned to kneel at my feet and beg, with tears and entreaties, for her sweet, her only child—but I was unyielding. She then asked for her lute, which I gave her, and she departed forever. Determined that the child of one like

her should never be called my daughter, I had you carried to a peasant, whom I paid liberally for taking care of you; hoping that as his child, you would be happier than as her to misery and rank.—Broken hearted and desolate, with all my visions of happiness crushed at a blow; I strove, by a life of gaiety and dissipation, to lose the keen sense of my misery. It was not long till thoughts of my rashness in judging my wife thus hastily, forced themselves upon my mind; and with them came the conviction of her innocence. At this time I received word from Elmainge, stating that the whole story which he had told me was falsehood. That he had seen and loved the beautiful Isodene; and that, maddened because she preferred me, he had devised this plan to destroy our happiness. When I received this information, I was carried insensible to my bed, and only awoke to such wretchedness as words cannot describe.

‘The image of my gentle, suffering, deserted wife, thrust from her home, her child, and happiness, forever, was always before my mind. I hastened, as soon as I was able to leave my bed, for you, determined at least to do justice to her child. But, as if fortune had deserted me, my daughter had disappeared but a few days before; supposed to have been stolen by a band of Gipsies.

‘I have never known a peaceful moment since. It was your great resemblance to your mother, that led to this discovery this evening.

‘Let us go to thy mother, dear Isodene, even now, and on my knees will I implore a forgiveness for my injustice; for I hope that my sweet child has already forgiven her wretched father.’

Freely did the weeping Isodene, now no longer Zaila, award forgiveness to her parent, and, late as it was, they started for the Gipsey camp, in search of the lute woman. The Gipsies were holding their midnight revelry, but her they were looking for was not there, and, upon enquiring, they found that she had departed some hours previous.

‘Oh!’ said Isodene, bursting into tears, ‘I now know why it was that she wept and clung to me so passionately, upon my departure. Poor mother! I am afraid we shall never see her again.’

Knowing that search would prove unavailing, they turned despairingly away; and Isodene forsook her Gipsey mode of life forever.

A month from this time, a brilliant assembly thronged Count Lelingford’s lordly castle, to celebrate the finding of his lovely daughter. All the pageantry of gilded wealth and rank was glittering there; but Isodene was not happy; two hearts, the dearest to her on earth, were yet wanting, and she sat with her small hand upon her bright brow, and tears in her dark eyes. At this moment her father approached with a young nobleman, and announced Henry, the young Duke of De Mountfort.

Isodene looked mechanically up; her cheek turned ashy pale and murmuring ‘Henry,’ she fell fainting into her father’s arms.

An hour afterwards she stood alone by her lover’s side, with her hand resting confidingly in his, and with the hat ribbon wound playfully around his waist and fastened to her wrist by the bracelet-clasp.

Her heart was overflowing with happiness, and when Henry left to answer to the call of some coquettish lady, who wished to lead, with him, the dance, Isodene sought the garden and seating herself by a fountain, whose falling waters filled the air with lulling music, she murmured:

‘Would that my dear mother were here; I should then want nothing to complete my happiness.’

Scarcely had she ceased speaking, when a form started up in the moonlight, and the Gipsey was before her. Long and affectionate was the conference between mother and daughter, and then the woman turned to go. In vain were all Isodene’s tears and pleading; she would have departed, had not the tall form of Count Lelingford arrested her steps. The countenance of the woman changed not, as haughtily she bade him stand aside.

‘Nay,’ said the penitent husband hurriedly, ‘not till I have made thee all the reparation in my power, for the injuries done thee.’

Passionately, earnestly, eloquently did he plead for forgiveness for the wrong he had committed.

‘You plead in vain,’ said the Gipsey, coldly. ‘When, in a moment of passion, because a false and lying FRIEND had whispered falsehood in your ear, you thrust me from my home, my husband and my child, did you think I could ever again love you? No! When, from the moment you won me

from my parent’s mansion, only to thrust me, alone and friendless, upon the world, with all the purest and holiest feelings in a woman’s heart outraged—from that moment my love was changed to scorn. But I still loved my child, and bitter were my moments till three years afterwards, when I recognized MY daughter, the descendant of Spain’s proudest nobles, in a peasant’s garb; though I rejoiced that she was absent from one, unworthy the name of parent. By the influence of a mother’s face and voice, I drew her from home; resolved that she should be a Gipsey and know no other parentage. But the knowledge that she loved one of higher rank, and that that was the only way to secure her happiness, decided me to again give her up to one not worthy of calling her his child. She is now yours, and I go.’

‘Thou hast been well avenged,’ said the Count, in accents of deep agony.

‘Mother,’ said the beautiful Isodene, in a determined tone, winding her arms around her parent’s neck, and looking tearfully up into her face, ‘Mother, you MUST stay; if you do not, I will give up all my new found wealth and rank and go with you, if it be to death. Look upon my father’s care-worn face and say if he has not suffered enough; would it not be too severe to again blast his hopes, and tear his wife and child from his arms. Oh mother! do but say forgive.’

She took her mother’s hand and kissed it, and placed it, unresisted, into her father’s.

Such tender, pleading eloquence! who could resist it? The proud heart of the Gipsey relented and she consented to be again called the wife of Count Lelingford.

It was not long till the sound of mirth and revelry again sounded through the lofty halls of Lelingford Castle. And when the lovely Isodene stood before the altar and placed her hand in that of the young Duke of De Mountfort, a proud and happy father, and smiling mother stood by, to breathe their blessings on the head of the young bride. The Silver Lute was again restored to its original place in the little boudoir, but Isodene, the wife of De Mountfort, now claimed it as her own; and often did the murmur of the fountains mingle with the tones of witching melody, which had won her love and happiness as Zaila, the Gipsey Singer.

WOOSTER, Ohio, 1845.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—On a fine summer’s day, in 1840, a clergyman was called to preach, in a town in Indiana, to a young congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these:

“Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next. Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walked with God in a calm and a better world. I beseech you then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and, more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful; and that which crawled flies, and that which comparatively fed upon gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly’s splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—‘Live for the future.’” With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech or language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—‘Live for the future.’

PROFANE SWEARING.—The lodge of Odd Fellows in Bridgewater, Mass., have passed the following resolution:

“That profane swearing is a wanton and unprovoked vice, not induced by any temptation of honor and gain, a breach of common intercourse of man with man, and recommend that a brother who is habituated to the disgraceful practice be brought to trial therefor.”

LOVE AND AMBITION.

THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON.

The divorce, for the sake of marriage with another, was however, a fearful subject for Napoleon to break to Josephine. The rumor of her approaching degradation had for a long time filled the heart of the Empress with the most terrible forebodings. Still neither party ventured to introduce the topic which now filled the ears and tongues of all Europe. They dined together one day in the deepest embarrassment; and not one word was spoken by either during the repast. Napoleon exhibited marks of the strongest agitation; a convulsive movement, accompanied with a hectic flush, often passed over his features; and he seemed afraid to raise his eyes to the Empress except by stealth. Josephine was equally embarrassed and agitated, and had all the day been weeping. The dinner was finally removed untouched, neither having tasted a morsel. Josephine has described the scene which ensued. “We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which notwithstanding every effort, overflowed my eyes; I uttered not a single word during the sorrowful meal, and he broke silence but once, to ask an attendant about the weather—My sunshine I saw had passed away; the storm burst quickly.

“Directly after coffee, Bonaparte dismissed every one, and I remained alone with him. I watched in the changing expression of his countenance, that struggle which was in his soul. —At length his features settled into a stern resolve, I saw that my hour was come. His whole frame trembled; he approached, and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it upon his heart, gazed on me for a moment; then pronounced these fearful words: ‘Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interest of France.’ ‘Say no more,’ I still had strength sufficient to reply. ‘I was prepared for this, but the blow is not less mortal.’ More I could not utter. I cannot tell what passed within me. I believe my screams were loud. I thought reason had fled. I became unconscious of every thing, and on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber. On recovering, I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest which he affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. O, my God! how justly had I reason to dread becoming an Empress!”

The fatal day of separation at length arrived. After the painful scene was over, Josephine in silence and sorrow retired to her chamber. The usual hour of Napoleon’s retiring came. He had just placed himself in bed; silent and melancholy, while his favorite attendant waiting only to receive orders, when suddenly the private door opened, and the Empress appeared, her hair in disorder, and her face swollen with weeping. Advancing with a tottering step, she stood as if irresolute, about a pace from the bed, clasped her hands and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she had no right to be there—seemed at first to arrest her progress; but forgetting every thing in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband’s neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time clasped in each other’s arms, silently mingling their tears together. After an interview of about an hour, Josephine parted forever from the man whom she had long and tenderly loved. On seeing the Empress retire, the attendant entered to remove the lights, and found the chamber silent as death, and Napoleon so sunk among the bed cloths as to be invisible. The next morning at 11, Josephine left the Tuilleries for ever.

REV. MR. ABBOTT.

FILIAL GRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a principle ingredient in filial affection. It often reveals itself in a most striking manner, when parents moulder in the dust. It induces obedience to their precepts, and tender love for their memory. A little boy was once passing the ornamental garden of a rich man. He was observed to look earnestly and wistfully at some sprouts that were germinating on the trunk of an old poplar. On being asked what he wanted, he said, “my mother loved flowers, and every green living thing. She has been dead two years, yet I have never planted one where she sleeps. I was thinking how pretty one of these would look there.” The gentleman kindly gave him a rose bush, and a fresh wand of weeping willow. Then the poor little fellow lifted up his streaming eyes, and gave thanks in a broken voice, for himself, and for his dear, dead mother.

News Items.

LATER FROM THE FIELD—ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY—GEN. VEJA, A PRISONER.

A second battle was fought between the Mexican and American forces on the 9th, commencing at half past 2 o'clock, within three miles of Taylor's camp. The N. O. Picayune, extra, of May 16th, furnishes the report.

The Mexicans commenced the action with their artillery, which was so posted as to sweep the narrow pass by which Gen. Taylor was advancing, there being a swamp on either hand. Gen. Taylor immediately ordered a charge in the teeth of the enemy's destructive fire, and the troops promptly responded, and carried the enemy's guns at the point of the bayonet.

So sudden and impetuous was the attack, and so successful, that Arista had not time to save his papers, which, with all his correspondence fell into the hands of Gen. Taylor.

The action lasted one hour and a half, in which time 500 Mexicans were either killed or wounded, and the Americans took 300 prisoners and eight pieces of artillery. The American loss in this action was but 62, killed and wounded.

Among the killed, were Col. McIntosh, Lieut. Cochran, Col. Brown, (by the bursting of a shell,) Lieut. Eng, and one or two others, whose names are not given. Colonel Payne, Lieuts. Gates, Burback, Hooe, Luther and others were wounded.

We regret to say that Major Ringold, who was so severely wounded in the action of the 8th, died on the 10th inst., and was buried next day with the honors of war.

The total loss of the Mexicans in the two actions of the 8th and 9th, was at least 1200. The Mexican force amounted to at least 6000 men, while that of the Americans on the ground did not exceed 1600 men.

An exchange of prisoners took place between the two armies subsequent to the action, by which Capts. Thornton and Hardee and Lieut. Kane have been returned to the army. Lieut. Dear was not demanded and still remains a prisoner. This officer, it seems, had been induced to swim the river by signs made by a Mexican woman, and, when across, was taken prisoner. Among the prisoners taken by Gen. Taylor was Gen. Veja. For him two American officers were offered in exchange, but it was declined to give him up, save in exchange for an American officer of equal rank, whenever one should be taken.

Gen. Veja and two Mexican Lieutenants were sent over by Gen. Taylor on the Col. Harney as prisoners of war. Gen. Veja was allowed to be accompanied by one of his aides, a Lieut. Colonel, as a friend.

The Mexican army was so confident of victory that every preparation had been made to celebrate it; but all their preparations fell into the hands of the Americans. In their flight many of the Mexicans took to the river, and were drowned in their attempts to swim it.

Gen. Taylor reached his camp the afternoon of the action. Leaving there his whole force, he started the next morning for Point Isabel, and arrived there the evening of the 10th without molestation. The morning of the 11th he started back for his camp opposite Matamoras. We need not say that he and his army are in the highest spirits.

GALLANT EXPLOIT.

A gentleman in Newark, N. J., has received a letter from a correspondent at the camp, giving the following details of a gallant capture by a young man from Newark, Gilbert Dudley, son of a constable in Newark, and aged only nineteen years: Returning two days ago from one of our most advanced pickets, whither he had been sent to convey orders, he came unexpectedly upon two Mexican soldiers, who had, apparently just rowed across the river, and were refreshing themselves in the cool shade, having placed their muskets in thoughtless security against a neighboring tree. Gilbert was equal to the emergency; he sprang to the muskets, threw one upon the ground and stepped upon it, while with the other he menaced the lives of his opponents. They cowered beneath his eagle glance, and reluctantly pursued the course which he indicated.

He carried the two muskets upon his left shoulder, drew his sword as a sort of pacifier, and thus marched them, at a respectful distance in advance, straight into camp!

Much valuable information was gathered from them, after which, they were blindfolded, led out of the camp and set at liberty. — [CIN. COM.]

THE CASKET.

MOVING.

About 250 German volunteers under the command of Major Schonthaler of the 6th Regiment, left this city for Jefferson Barracks on Saturday last. Captain Schaefer, Wochner and Koch, command the companies. Before leaving the wharf on the steamer Allegheny, Messrs. A. Meir & Co., Mr. T. Kimm, Jacoby and others, went forward and paid the passage of the volunteers, as well as furnished them with sufficient claret with which to drink to the success and glory of our citizen soldiers. — [ST. LOUIS REPORTER.]

GEN. SCOTT GOING TO TEXAS!

General Scott has been appointed to the command of the Army of Occupation in Texas, with orders to proceed immediately to the scene of war. The army is to consist of thirty thousand men, that number to be at once ordered to join the American force now under General Taylor; the whole being subject to the command of Gen. Scott. — [LOU. COURIER.]

MEXICAN OPERATIONS.

The Mexican government has been in receipt, for some months past, of schooners, cannon and ball from New York. The schooners were all strongly built and sent to Mexico under American colors. An extensive house in New York, always paid the bills. A shipmaster lately from Vera Cruz, reports that when he was there he inspected the castle of St. Juan de Ullon and saw a cannon of 182 pounds calibre, which, with forty or fifty Paixhan guns, are now mounted on that fortress. The beach where the French landed is likewise completely fortified. — [CIN. COM.]

BUCKEYES.

CINCINNATI, May 20th, 1846.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES K. POLK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a special meeting of the Montgomery Guards, held at their Armory on last evening, it was unanimously resolved that the Montgomery Guards of Cincinnati, tender their services to you in defence of our invaded country, and be ready at a moment's warning with one hundred and twenty good men and true. I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

ROBERT M. MOORE,
COMMANDER MONTGOMERY GUARDS.

MEXICAN PLAN OF WARFARE.

"EL. EXPECTADOR of the 25th ultimo, furnishes its readers with the system of warfare which is to be adopted by the Mexicans in opposing the American army. It is to be emphatically a little, procrastinating, harrassing, war, (GUERRA EN PEQUENO.) The Government is adjured to abandon all idea of giving a pitched battle, a campaign fight, but to confine the troops to a GUERRILLA war. The Mexican army is to be split into fragments of 500 or 600 infantry and 200 cavalry, with which they are to intercept convoys to the American forces, cut off their communications, hang up their flanks, pick off stragglers, and keep them, by unexpected attacks, in a continual state of alarm. They are to watch opportunities of making a sudden descent on their hospitals and magazines, lay waste the country through which they are to pass, and in this manner wear them out without giving them an opportunity of striking a single effective blow."

Well, if they think we are going to play the child-game with them in this way, they will find themselves most wonderfully mistaken, when they see a few of their cities laid in ashes and half their braggart army prisoners!

TRINITY CHURCH CLOCK.—The Clock for the Trinity Church, New York, is the largest in the United States. It weighs 7000 lbs.,—the pendulum is 20 feet long, weighs 200 lbs., and vibrates twenty-four times per minute. Cost, \$5000.

A man found a turtle in Mansfield a few days ago, which he had caught and marked with the initials of his name thirty-nine years before.

Spicings.

The following letter was received at the Albany Post-Office "a day or two since":

August the two, New Orleans 1845.

MY DEAR MARGERY.

I commenced this letter yesterday. If it don't come to hand, you may conclude that I've gone to Mexico. Tell Bar-

ney Stewart that his family is all dead intirely, except the cow. I'd write you more, but as there is no means of sending this, I will just let it go as it is.

P. S. If this letter don't reach you, you must not wait for another, but write me immediately, and let me know how you are coming on.

N. B. I've concluded not to send this letter after all, so you can just answer it or not at all, as it pleases you. Give my love to the children. No more at present.

A loafer being brought up before one of the London courts, the judge demanded,—

"What is your trade?"

"A horse chaunter, my lord."

"A what? a horse chaunter, why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, aint you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vel, my lord," said he, "I goes round among the livery stables, they all on 'em knows me, and when I sees a gem'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and ses I, vel, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound, he's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck I ever seed, ses I, only look at 'is open nostrils, he's got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never vunce think on't; them's the kind of legs vot never fails. Vel, this tickles the gem'man, and he ses to 'imself, that ere 'onest countryman's a real judge of a 'orse, so please you my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. I then goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, vel, vot are you going to stand for that ere chaunt, and he gives me half a sovereign; vel, that's vot I call 'orse chaunting, my lord, there's rale little 'arm in't—there's a good many sorts on us, some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

"Boy," said a visiter at a house of a friend, to his little son, "step over the way and see how OLD Mrs. Smith is." The boy did his errand, and on his return reported that he did not know how old she was, and that he might find out by his own learning.

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